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70 SHEETS

10.5 x 8 in / 26.6 x 20.3 cm

1 SUBJECT NOTEBOOK

COLLEGE RULED

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Homing Instinct

It was a cold night. I looked out the French windows. The cherry trees lay lit up by the house lights, their arms, laden heavily with blossom, violently against the black sky as if protesting the winds violent disruption of their usual still Japanese elegance and serenity.

A crack of thunder, a sudden roar of rain on the roof, a mad blizzard of petals like pink snow; then, a loud knock on the kitchen door. We had just finished eating ~~at the door~~ dinner, my mother, father, grandmother and I and were still seated at table. My mother got up to answer the door. It would be, I assumed, a tramp begging for money or food, or a gypsy selling trinkets, as there were the only usual visitors at night. I saw two bearded men, steaming rain from their shiny yellow slickers. The taller of the two whose beard was red, told my mother that their van had broken down and asked if they could use our phone to call their repair service and if they might stay for a few minutes to dry out and get warm. Naturally my mother, in the regular English custom, asked if they would like a cup of tea and invited them in. As I had risen the taller one, who introduced himself as Andrew, sat down next to me at the table. "Hello, young man," he said (I was nine); "what's your name?" He began

He and his friend, whose name was Colin were veterans. I thrived. I was so entranced and comforted by Andrew's large, masculine presence, that I scarcely hung every word he said. Outside the lightning flashed, the thunder cracked even louder but because he was there I didn't feel afraid as I usually did. Normally whenever there was a storm I would hide in the dark corridor between the kitchen and lounge, where I couldn't see the lightning and the thunder was muffled. Every time we were struck by lightning, I would think right now, I thought. And now I was here. It was his job, I gathered, to go up on the moors in winter whenever summoned by one of the sheep farmers up there, to rescue lambs who had somehow gotten separated from the flock. Because these lambs had not gotten properly nurtured by their parents, they had lost their homing instinct. Without the warmth and protection of the flock, the lambs would get confused and make poor choices when negotiating the snowy terrain, often slipping on the ice and breaking limbs or tearing their flesh on the barbed wire fences.

Whenever I broke a limb and had to be hospitalized, my father never came to visit me. "It's not that he doesn't care," my mother would tell me. "It's that he cares so much he can't bear to see you in pain. Once, when I had broken my

arms and my pleas in a jar.
I closed and was sobbing with pain. My
leg were pretzels, my father
pushed his fist into my stomach, on and
on, deeper until I let out such a terrible
scream of pain that my mother screamed
also and dragged him off of me, saying as
he did so "You shall not, shut up or I'll give you
something to really cry out!" On and on,
deeper and deeper he pushed until I let
out such a loud scream, that my mother
screamed also and dragged him off
of me.

I imagined, as Andrew spoke, a
lamb lying in the snow and whimpering in pain
from a broken leg would feel as I did
whenever I had an accident and broke bones—
how he would feel that same loneliness and
utter desolation. How wonderful it was, that
Andrew could come and rescue him — scoop him
up in his arms, saying "There, there, young fella,
you'll be alright," as a good father should.

Eventually of course, it came time for Andrew
and Colin to leave. Thanking my mother profusely,
they put on their hats and Andrew gave me
a quick kiss on the cheek, his beard tickled my skin.
How my heart ached as he trudged off into the
dark. I wanted him to stay forever. I never saw
him again.

Why I'm a Poet

When I was about 12 years old, I felt abandoned by my whole family. There were good reasons for this. My father and grandmother ran the hotel and home at seemed always busy with the cooking, and my father commuted daily to Birmingham for his accounting job at a hospital there. I was put in the charge of a nanny, Hazel, a local girl from the village. Hazel played games with me, and talked to me. She gave the the attention my parents didn't. One day I crawled into the kitchen where my mother and grandmother were at the stove cooking and exclaimed in a loud voice: "I love Hazel more than anyone else in the whole world!" I was angry. I had decided to let them "have it." I expected them to drop whatever they were doing and turn to me in horror exclaiming something like "What! More than us? How could you!" Then I would say, "We're sorry to disappoint you, but Hazel is only a village girl. We'll make sure from now on to do anything in our power to show you how much we care about you and will spend lots more time with you, then you'll love us more than anyone else in the whole world." But instead, they

were so engrossed in their work that they never even replied. I found this fact to mean they had always got they had all dads. I went out in the garden not crying but amazed at the beautiful sights and sounds. I never wished for the company of other children. (I thought they were "silly") I thought then I think I made some sort of conscious decision to withdraw into myself and my perception of the world. I had myself after all. I had my view of things. My world was not as a child I never asked questions "Why." as most children do. Instead I was always pointing at people, places and things and asking "What dat called?" If I could name what I saw somehow it became mine - a treasure in my trunk of memory. My mother thought I would be a scientist or architect when I grew up because I told the guests and my family elaborate stories I had made up. Most children do this of course; it's just that mine were described in such detail complete with dialogue, imitations of the characters in each story. I was a great mimic from an early age. I often had Hazel in fits of laughter with my imitations of the guests. I was especially fond of "sending up"

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some of the upper class visitors' affected speech, making fun of their 'airs and graces'.

Given the choice of playing with the children of the guests, I would always: or playing alone in the garden - blowing bubbles, picking flowers or accompanying our genius gardener, Mr. Robbins, on his rounds of the flowerbeds, or the rows of vegetables in the kitchen garden, I would always choose the latter.

From an early age by the beauty of nature. The hotel looks onto the entire range of the Malvern hills. The hills are two thousand feet above the valley in which we lived. My American friends who love visiting these hills called them the mountains. Indeed, they do resemble the Green Mountains of Vermont. If the Malvern hills were ever covered with thick snow (which they never are) they would provide the area with an unsurpassed skiing resort the like of which is only seen in the Scottish Highlands, in the Pennines in Yorkshire or around Snowdon in North Wales. I would often contemplate the rolling hills while playing on the lawn of the garden. They reminded me of slumbering giants, not threatening but protective as if keeping watch in case some unseen enemy invaded our peaceful valley, our piece of

you might

Parodie. I ~~suppose you mean~~ think me a lonely child; I had no siblings and spent most of childhood alone. But I never felt lonely. Though I was a shattered box around the adults I preferred my own company; only when I got bored with playing with my Dinky toys (Tinker toys) or my Teddy bears did I make forays into the lounge or dining room area "entertain" the grown ups this gave me the human context of an extended family and "fuel" me to enough to be at peace with being alone. I am basically a loner who loves interacting with people — when I was drinking I had the impression I had many friends; after I stopped I realized there were really acquaintances with whom I had only one thing in common, getting high. Alcohol was the glue that bonded us. Now I have many acquaintances and what bonds us together is our recovery from alcoholism or being on a spiritual path or from knowing a "rely-examined life." My interactions with these folks fuel me to write.

Instead of dreaming in the garden at home, staring out the window in high school, I write a poem. I realize now that I was born apart. I have what Keats called "negative capability" that is the ability to negate or transcend my ego and feel or even become the person, place or thing I'm observing. With luck

and "nurse writing" this will be of the form
kind of epiphany which sparks a
Poem. If I had realized I could
do this - transform dreaming into
poetry - as a teenager I would have
been a lot happier. My dreamy
self like a cure for latin - caught
in the beauty of sunlight flashing on
the leaves of the apple trees in
the orchard next to the classroom I
would miss important bits of information
the teacher was relaying. I was
frequently asked by a teacher
if I was "PAYING ATTENTION." Of
course often I was bored to, because
in history if we were told only facts
& figures. If the story was interesting
I'd be caught up in it - like the
Guy Fawkes' plot to blow up Parliament
in the sixteen hundreds or Henry the
Eighth, chopping up the heads of his
wives' heads; but the drone of my history
teacher's voice was enough to bore
if not put to sleep anyone within
earshot. I wish I had known that
these moments of dreaming, of being
caught up in the mystery & beauty of
Nature & life were "symptoms" of
a budding Poetic sensibility. Now when
I am lost in a dreaming I know a
Poem is likely to follow and it's time to

Better get out pen and paper. Of course
chortle everyone has these dreams, my mother,
the difference is that I and others
like me "put" them into poems.
My mother who has taught painting for
many years says that anyone can
draw, anyone can be artists; we can't
all be Rembrandts, just as
we can't be Keats or Shakespeare.

My first poetic attempts were [illegible]th
in response to a poetry competition:
the first in high school, the second in
graduate school at U.C. Paris. In
high school I wrote two poems - one
about a tall ship crossing the Atlantic
from England to America (prophetic!)
and the second about a [illegible] I saw
in Arizona before I had even considered
the likelihood of coming to the States, I had
a prophetic instinct I would come here.
I have found since that I very often write
about events before they happen. I have
psychic abilities which I come not to use
in other ways because they scare me.
The prophetic powers of my writing are suppressed
as an outlet for other powers.
I choose not to participate in séances
because on the two occasions I have, scary
things happen. In my friend Sue Braxton's
dorm room in England when I was an
undergrad at Birmingham University, I

hostess, unannounced to discover Sue and her friends hymns using the Weegee record as I came in the door, the lights turned glare, which they had just let you know of my entrance, flew off the table of its own accord. Another time at home, Sue my mother and I were conducting a séance and I felt a violent burning sensation down my left side and felt drunk, paranoid, by the spirits we had contacted. I announced they left it to us; they had it. I could psychoanalyze a medium or a channeler, but I prefer to leave the realm of the parapsychological to others.

Daily life is enough of a challenge; I prefer to ardently live the mundanities of daily interactions with people, places and things I'm so grateful I have a way of using my hyperemotionality to make something hopefully beautiful, which I can share with its readers. Though I know that the "nuts and bolts" of writing can be learned, I feel have taught them for many years after all — I do believe the "genius" writer, artist, is born not achieved by work alone.

Where the impulse to write a poem comes from is still a mystery to me, even though I have been

a poet for twenty seven years
Sometimes the Muse "visits" in the
middle of the night. I'll wake up
from a dream which may have nothing
to do with What I subsequently
write, and it's as if the Muse has
dragged me by the hair and said
to my departed comrades "WRITE
NOW!" I have learned that over
the years that When this happens,
it's not as mysterious as it first
seemed. The ideas that come
to me - regardless its merely
phrase or title line of a poem -
have been "brewing" in my head
for several days, even weeks.
The best description I have ever
read of this gestation process
of a poem is by Aileen Ward in
her wonderful biography of John
Keats. Her narration of how
the great poet came to write
his first great poem "Keeps
waiting a while & look up into the heavens
Homer." Since I have learned more
about how my poems generally
often give myself "thinking" or "brewing"
days" during which I don't write
a word. Then, & if I do write
patiently the poem will suddenly
come to me and the moment I

used to call "inspiration" is actually a moment of "culmination" - and is the result of a period of gestation, an organic process achieved after a period of mental "foreplay". The poem appears to me almost all at once, although during which I feel as if I'm not writing, as the Greeks would put it "out of myself", I collect or breathe in the poem and write it down. For me this is not a process that can be controlled. I know some poets who regularly sit in front of their computers or typewriters - a day and churn out poems as they do. This way of working has never worked for me. When one of my poems is ready to be born it will let me know. I will then sit down at a typewriter and let me know I need to begin delivering process.

In fact my poems are my children. That's why I find it so hard to let go of them and send them out into the world to be published. I have yet to publish a full length book. I am unsure when I will be able to write over a hundred poems which I

now on my answer to two book-length manuscripts which I am now sending out to publishers. The prospect of having one of these published is ~~I formed a very dreary~~ ~~Postponement~~, terrifying — publishing a book would finally put the seal of legitimacy, if you like on my life as a poet. It would be saying to the world "Here I am a poet, whether you like it or not" in bold figures. Since my whole life has been centered around my desire to be a poet and write no matter what other trials ~~and tribulations~~ physical or psychological I have met with, to publish a book would mean I had succeeded not merely as a poet but as a man. No doubt my ego is too much involved in my books, including the one which is blank with regard to my life. I know theoretically that whether one of my books is successful or not, I am still a successful poet (and man).

~~Nostalgia~~ To Ry Cole

"The art of losing isn't hard to master."
Elizabeth Bishop: "One Art."

I have lost you New York:
city of schemes and dreams,
where I hoped for more than I knew,
darkening lots of lust and wisdom
to pretty; sugar plums
while the ghost dangled the eternal carrot
of promise to full-time (with tenure, insurance)
before me.
I was full of youth and energy,
having none of one and little of the other,
having not much of either, many years
I'd rather stay to loll like a Fuji coral
on Manhattan's rocks, an easy life and slow
I'd be lost you, New York lost
I'd be always a New Yorker, a San Francisco
a transplanted transplanted American
On reflection though,
what do lovers never really lost,
stay with us: walking in Central Park in May
and through the Met museum,
long quiet strolling off Hayden by
candlelight the second floor.

When I lived there
I thought I'd lost Fuji's
Fuji in the gray of stories reverted,

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That eternal outdoor Café.

The grass is always greener
but lavender, in the end, turns brown

I'm getting restless —
If I had the money, I'd move back.

What is the home I really want then?
Not where I grew up
empty nest in the tiny village
with my Rod's mandy
and brittle teens in school.
But not in any big town either any more
to have I'd rather die, like a stray
in the lonely streets.
Taking credit I can't say
I helped dear roots
always with the heart of friends —
in their firm embrace I blossomed.
I merely shed the leaves.

(leaded)

Hot little bear cub, bearded, brittle bones, some deformities, Healthier 5'6 but 45, needs full-bearded mentor for discipline, loony tunes, s/m fantasy, V/A, for snuggly dates. Into anime, classical music, No STDs drugs, alcohol, smokes.

Hot Beard brilliant HIV-

Hot little bear-cub, winter, brittle bones, some deformities, ~~not brilliant, wild~~ seeks full-bearded mentor for discipline, ~~tonight~~ V/A snuggly dates possible LTR into arty films & classical music. No drugs, moderate alcohol.

(HIV- HIV neg)

Hot, bearded bear-cub, winter, brittle bones, some deformities, seeks full bearded mentor for discipline, snuggly dates, possible LTR. Into arty films, ~~classical music~~. ~~Not too young~~. No drugs, smokes alcohol (older 20yrs)

Hot bearded bear cub, HIV-, winter 56-born brittle bones, some deformities, seeks full bearded mentor for discipline, snuggly dates, possible LTR No drugs, moles, alcohol, ~~(older 20yrs)~~

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The Idiot

It was a very hard transition to go to grammar school, having always been taught alone at home by a tutor. I had no idea that the world was competitive. If you have a tutor after all, you are always "top of the class". Of course I am smart and was genuinely interested in most of the subjects we studied, I was usually placed in the top ten out of the forty in my class. I hadn't a clue that all the other boys expected that I would always be first in the class because I had placed first in the county out of forty thousand children in the 11+ examination. When the results day all children had to take in order to determine whether they would go to either grammar school (and hence pursue an academic career and most likely go on to University (if you passed) or go to Secondary Modern school (the equivalent of trade school here) (if you failed). Whether the other boys had read the article in the local newspaper, with the headline "Dunblane Boy first in County" I don't know to this day. Even if they had, they may not have presumed I would automatically come top of the class; perhaps they didn't care one way or the other. It was not that cared, I that assumed I'd come first. I had taken an I.Q. test at eleven also

which showed I had an I.Q. of 149 (one point below "genius level") of (150 qualifies you for MENSA)

I had done so many I.Q. tests at home with Mr. Smart preparing for the 11+ and the I.Q. tests were so easy for me I scored so high, I told Mr. Grey. I threw a shock to me that I "proved" to be outside normal. It was not just normal, but very very smart. I saw this as a dreadful burden, a fact I have felt I had to go on proving for the rest of my life.

For the first four years of Grammar School I was out sick a lot with hay fever, colds and bronchitis, so that I fell behind in some subjects, especially Math and Physics for which I did not have a natural aptitude. When, at fifteen, I did finally come first in my class, I did not feel the euphoria I expected, but merely a sense of inner calm and self-confidence - "that's as it should be," I thought. I had come first in every subject except Math. ~~Because~~ When my father asked me where I had come in Math he ~~snapped at me~~ and I told him "Twenty-seventh," he snapped at me "Then you've failed!" He ran out, slamming the door and, as usual when he was mad went to

the Reds and got drunk. If I had come first in Math and done poorly in the other subjects, he probably would have said something like, "that's doesn't matter. Who wants to do well in those subjects?" Even though I knew I was way far from ahead, I internalized this remark as part of me. It's as if it were necessary that I should never be the world's best for my father's proud of me.

Subconsciously I found a good coping mechanism to deal with my inadequacy. I substituted certain male teachers as father figures whom I could please by working hard and doing well in their classes.

Fate, it seemed, supported me in my strategy.

At age sixteen three new teachers came to teach at the school. On the first day of classes 1962, I surveyed the new teachers at morning assembly (morning prayers). I hoped that they would be handsome. Indeed all three were. The most attractive (at least the sexiest) was the Phys. Ed teacher, Colin Smith, a clean-cut short stocky young man. The French teacher was tall and thin and he had a nice body. The German teacher

Teacher was tall, blonde and very handsome.

Sitting my two subjects I had planned to take for my 'A' level exams (which, if passed would lead to qualification to enter University) were to be my two attractive new young teachers. I had always been good at English so this became my third 'A' level subject.

At first I was not attracted to John, the German teacher, but sitting in the front row and staring into his beautiful blue eyes day after day and basking in the dazzling smile of approval whenever I had done a good piece of work for him, day after day I slowly fell in love; not just in love but obsessed with him. I thought of him almost every minute of the day.

Soon I realised I was getting turned on by his elegant, slender form. He dressed natty in tweed suits and blue blazers and grey slacks. I fantasized him taking me to Germany with him — to the Alps perhaps or to some Medieval walled city.

John soon took charge of the boarding house as Head (this meant he was gay), though the previous head of the house, the Physics teacher had been straight. It turned out, I found out many years later, that he was gay, and had a crush on me! Even if I had known this

being still a virgin and in the closet I would never have the guts to make a pas actum. I might have been expelled if I'd guessed wrongly.

$$133$$
$$406 \times \frac{3}{10}$$

Grammar School

Whenever I tell my friends about my high school experiences, they usually say something like "you must have had a hell of a time in school. Kids can be so cruel. & you must have been bored a lot. Surprisingly, I was never made fun of or teased in the slightest. In fact I was very popular. My easy mechanism to fend off possible teasing and name-calling was to play class clown, doing accurate impressions of the various idiosyncrasies of the teachers. It was easy to poke fun at the teachers, they were such a motley crew. There was a dearth of dedicated teachers after the war and many of the teachers taught as their "B" job when they had been unable to do medicine or law or a previous profession. The English teacher was a veteran of the Spanish Civil War and still had a piece of shrapnel in his body. The history teacher was a manic depressive with a weak heart, the Math teacher had been an Engineer but lived for voyeurism with young children near the factory at recess. The Headmaster was very effeminate and an alcoholic — we saw him once at lunch take a nip right from the bottle, — his wife was having an affair with the school gardener and we often saw the two making out in the garden of the

Headmaster's house, the French teacher who was married with three kids, was having an affair with the 5th form matron (Murle) and the boys in the boarding house (dorm) had to listen every night.

envelope. So Francisco has been good to me before timely geographical case of student of 5 F Slab insufficient nutriment he ought (here & now)
without the help of Nurse, I might well have killed myself (from depression or dread of Medicine) if the cuts are opposed I will have to go to Liverpool only once every two weeks.
Frankly I am very nervous — nervous I may relapse into my former depressed state of mind — that's all. I am now a fortunate, happy member of society, possessing his progenies.
If those cuts go through, one of the wounds inflicted may mean mentally ill Dust of Aldous as my students will be all the street, hence the hormones, injections will deteriorate their feller Many mentally ill people are not as smart and educated as I, so I wanted to use my words, ability to express my outrage at the cuts on their and my own behalf. Please stop this cruel piece of legislation & save a possible nerve and give us the help we need & deserve.
Sincerely
Christopher Hall, M.A. M.F.A.

328 Clementina St. #516
San Francisco
Ca. 94103-4125
PH. (415) 371-0118

Dear ——

I am writing to protest against the proposed to funding cuts by the city to Mental

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Brian Chin
Executive Director
The LGBT Center
1800 Market St
San Francisco
Ca 94102

320 Clementina St #516
San Francisco
Ca. 94103-4125

11:10:02

Dear Brian Chin,

I am a weekly visitor to the LGBT Center as I attend the A.A. meeting there on Fridays at 7pm (I am over twenty years).

I get around in a wheelchair and was amazed to find

I am aware of the intentions of the Harvey Milk Institute which helps & encourages entrepreneurship called Queercorps which is a workshop for gay disabled people.

I get around in a motorized wheelchair as I have a brittle bone disease.

I was shocked and dismayed to find that

Oh To Be In England

You were wrong, Robert Browning.

T.S. Eliot got it right:
April is the cruellest month,
and I should add the most rodent.
One minute chilly with rain, the
next a bucket of sunshine on your head.
The old and the working kind of misery
I pray Oh to be in England
now that Roy is there.

Poets are often frequently wrong:
Keats thought that was a
poet.
Perhaps I'm just jealous of his
Lerd.
He was no doubt a goodly old
Rugby rogue - to Lord Byron
the only [illegible] Lorders & Parodies to it
are Beelzebub and Satan.
As Lest Frost, author of Lender
Companion de Jeillabrun
was said a grumpy old man
and always shook his fists
and Edna St. Vincent Millay was
not as lovely as her poems
when she [illegible] a drunken [illegible]
she threw them to coops
of her hooves.

always

As a friend & Mistress, I last-
the most desirable female
they choose mentally and
not prettily things.

The world does surely can
be summed up pretty.

Bunny old chap you must
have been a strong.
But And you were young.
do you loved dreams.
It was you & you who
got the hell off the couch
and into the bedroom.
There you turned her April
into May,
with its mellow sun from
depressingly to dust
forlorn the new roses with the
on the trellis with the arbor
where you proposed
and meant yes, yes, oh yes.

GLC 67
Hewitt

Notebook [70 sheets, green cover], 2002, undated

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